Yasuko's Punk Rock Surprise and the Blossoming of New Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/65848675.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandoms:	Nana (Anime & Manga), 青い花 | Aoi Hana | Sweet Blue Flowers (Manga)
Relationships:	Oosaki Nana/Sugimoto Yasuko, Past Manjoume Fumi/Sugimoto Yasuko, Past Komatsu Nana | Hachi/Oosaki Nana
Characters:	Sugimoto Yasuko, Oosaki Nana
Additional Tags:	Crossover, Crossover Pairings, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Drinking, Singing, Musicians, Post-Canon, Mentioned Komatsu Nana | Hachi, Honjou Ren implied, Akaba Reira implied, Bars and Pubs, Mentioned Nanako Misonoo, Mentioned Dear Brother, Canon Bisexual Character, Bisexuality, Blushing, Whispering, Crying, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Girls Kissing, Mentioned Masanori Kagami, Cuddling & Snuggling, Cooking, Implied/Referenced Sex, Developing Relationship, Bisexual Female Character, Japanese Character(s), twenty somethings, Wordcount: 1.000-5.000, One Shot, Wild Crossover, Implied/Referenced Homophobia, Bisexual Oosaki Nana, Yearning, Mentioned Rick Steves, Tea, Tea Drinking, Ichinose Takumi implied, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-06-12 Words: 4,512 Chapters: 1/1

Yasuko's Punk Rock Surprise and the Blossoming of New Love

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Yasuko is a young Japanese woman down on her luck. She came to England for her study abroad where she aims to examine the innerworkings of English municipalities with the help of local researchers. She keeps thinking about what she could have done differently with a woman she once loved. One night in a small English town, where she's renting an apartment, she comes across a hopping club. In no time at all, she's charmed by a fiery and punky Japanese woman who happens to sing... in Japanese! After the set, Yasuko talks to this attractive former Japanese punk rocker. Sparks begin to fly. They soon realize there is a deeper connection between them. It goes beyond a chance encounter which can be brushed away. While their meeting was not "fated" nor "destined," it surely will impact each of their lives in profound ways, more than either one of them had planned on that wintery night...

Notes

I had the wild idea for writing this fic after rewatching Sweet Blue Flowers (which I recommend). Only three fics on AO3 feature Yasuko Sugimoto (otherwise known as Sugimoto Yasuko). That is an utter crime. All those fics are listed as inspirations for this one. I would say this fic is post-canon from the anime trajectory (I have not read the manga yet). If we rely upon the manga, Nana would be 28, and I'm assuming, that in canon, Yasuko is at most, 20. As such, for the sake of this fic, Nana and Yasuko are around the same age, meaning they are both twenty-somethings.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update #1: This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World, Asianfanfics, Wattpad, Quotev, and Adult Fanfiction (with the name "Yasuko, A Punk Rock Surprise, and Blossoming Love").

Update #2 On 4/24/26, I uploaded an expanded version on Squidge World, adding about 18.4% more words, including more scenes of Nana and Yasuko together, expanding emotional hurt/comfort themes and scenes, changing the summary, and placing in a few scene dividers. This version was also posted/uploaded on the Internet Archive.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Closer To You by jashael

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by hopefoolromantic
- Inspired by GxG Anime/Cartoon One-Shots by shaniceisfalling

It was late December 2009. Snow fell onto the ground, covering it like a blanket. Yasuko had arrived in London from Japan as part of her studies. She had made her way to the English countryside and, specifically, to a small English town. In many ways, she felt awful about how she had left and *the way* she had broken up with Fumi. She wracked her brain, wondering if she had made the right choice. As she continued thinking about this and walking along the sidewalk, some music caught her ear. It drew her in. Strangely, they weren't English lyrics, as she would have expected. Instead, they were *Japanese!* As such, the lyrics intrigued her and made her feel a *little* nostalgic for home. The singer's magnetism drew her ever closer. Her entry into the club, that night, would change her life for years to come.

She was relatively dressed down, but still stylish. She wasn't wearing a blazer nor a crisp white shirt, but her tall frame remained poised. Her short hair framed her face in such a perfect way. Never in a million years would she have imagined that she'd go in a club provocatively named *Pussy's Down Under*. Perhaps there was a first time for everything.

Nervously, she opened the door to the club. Music poured out like a rushing wave, quickly overwhelming her. Some clubs would have bouncers. The dazzling dark-haired musician, whose raven-colored hair was mixed with blonde streaks, had set the terms. She wore a black leather choker around her neck, complete with spikes. Black leather coverings (like extended armbands) were on each arm, near her wrists, *again* with spikes. She declared that unless the show was open to everyone, she *wouldn't* perform there. Begrudgingly, they agreed, partially due to her reputation.

As Yasuko went to the bar, she ordered a simple drink: a shot of amazake. After the bartender handed it to her, she sat down at a table near the stage. She looked up at the woman, who had just finished singing her first song of the night. Her dark brown eyes were framed by long and lush black eyelashes, which made her look a little cat-like.

The singer had a unique style, to say the least, especially with her gauges and spikes. Her style resembled a punk band from *nearly ten years ago*. As it turned out, she hadn't changed her style much since then. She was especially drawn to this style after everything that had happened in her life. However, there was one main difference: she had multicolored hair now. She didn't want *anyone* from her past to recognize her if they happened to come across her.

Her long lashes, black mascara, purple eyeshadow, and multiple piercings on her left ear, stood out. She smirked at Yasuko and winked. This caused Yasuko's heart to race. Was she *trying* to come onto her *or something*? The singer's expression soon changed to a smile, covering her fleshy and bottom-heavy lips. She spoke into the microphone again, this time in English. She was a little proficient and knew enough to get by.

"Thank you everyone! I've been going through a rough time recently, but it feels so good to let it *all hang out*, right?" People in the bar began cheering and jeering. The financial crisis hit England and the entire U.K. hard. At the time, over 2 million people were unemployed and out of luck. They were energized by her music. Many of these English blokes, whether men, women, or something else entirely, didn't understand any of her Japanese words. Even so, they could still pick up on the feelings and the vibes. That was okay for her.

The singer came up to the microphone again, putting her hands around it. Her shapely, and long, black fingernails held it in place. "I have another song for you all, one *I wish* I sang for someone once so dear to me." Taking a deep breath, the words, which were all Japanese, started pouring out. She filled the room with *her sound*. It wasn't something that was dictated by anyone else.

When I was in a dark place, that one time

When I read the letter you wrote to me

I cried, your words cutting me like a knife

I was torn apart by such strife

Putting her mouth to the mic again, she belted out the next set of lyrics.

Nobody can save me, but me

If I could only have one request

Stop tearing apart what I love

Don't stay with him, stay with me

Then came the final verse, which hearkened back to what she had sung for Blast all those years ago.

I need your love

I want your love

I want you to fill my loneliness

I'm still a broken rose

She sung at the top of her lungs, causing the bar patrons to go wild. Yasuko was enthralled. The song's deep emotions really got to her. She could feel them *in her bones*. The next part spoke to her more than anything. While she had no idea that this singer was *actually* talking about a woman, perhaps she realized it subconsciously.

The singer strummed her guitar wildly. Her hair whipped from one side to the other, as she really got into the song. Her previous instrument had been given to her by a *man* she once loved, who had the same name as the lotus flower tattoo on her arm (she had since removed it). She had bought her current guitar from money she'd made from playing in clubs. She was barely making by, like many across England at the time. As such, her situation was more common and not unique. Even so, she was *free* from what could hold her down, even if she wanted to go back, *some day*, to Apartment 707. She soon began singing the next chorus.

I need your love

I want your love

I want you to fill my loneliness

I'm still a broken rose

She then added something different afterward, which expressed her deeply held emotions. She had to say it, even if the person she aimed it toward may never hear it.

Oh baby, help me get over this pain

With the way you smile, your eyes

Be there just for me

Kiss me gently in the soaking rain

She went on to sing about her sadness, her loneliness, her pain, and everything else, Her voice boomed across the room, as she repeated the same chorus. She could have expressed her wish "on a wing" with an angel pulling on her heart, as a troubled woman, from a band she'd once competed with, stated many years ago. She could have sung about being true to yourself and not being afraid. However, she didn't want to express those feelings, at least not today.

Yasuko had been put in a daze by the singer's performance. This rapidly melted away after the music ended. The musician had only wanted to sing two musical numbers that night. She was still getting reacquainted with her voice after not singing for so many years. As for Yasuko, she was determined to not let this opportunity disappear. She couldn't let this person get away. That would be an *utter tragedy*.

Luckily for her, the singer was happily signing autographs and laughing with bar patrons. Yasuko went over to her. The woman was genuinely surprised. She did not expect to see another Japanese woman there. She wasn't even fully conscious of the fact that she had winked at her during the set. Preparing to run and flee, so she could escape this awkward situation, Yasuko stopped her by firmly grabbing her hand.

"Miss, can I please have a moment of your time?" The singer sighed. It couldn't hurt. This woman was probably *just another* dedicated fan in the long line of other women. There wasn't an issue with that fundamentally. Maybe it was good to have something like that again. So, she made her response brief. "Fine. Walk with me."

Almost like an adorable puppy dog, Yasuko dutifully followed behind this woman. For the latter, something about Yasuko reminded her of someone she had once known. She seemed a little like... Hachi. On the other hand, this woman was different, although she wasn't sure exactly how, *yet*. She hadn't figured that part out.

"I really loved your singing Miss, I felt it in my core." The musician wasn't sure what she should say in response to this praise. *Should she be happy? Did she waste her time to only*

say this? Ugh. How annoying.

She wanted to respond. Suddenly, Yasuko, without warning, reached into her pocket and took out a piece of paper. She wrote down her number. "Call me. I'd *love* to see you again, next time in a more *intimate* setting." The woman had not expected this. She blushed especially after the other woman smirked at her. Unsurprisingly, what she wanted to say seemed to dissolve into nothing. She was speechless.

Standing there in shock, she watched Yasuko walk away. *What in the world was that? Who was this girl anyway?* Her head was in a million places. As she thought about all of this, she walked back to her apartment building. It was a nice council flat, also known as a corporation house or council house. The rent was cheap. There was rent control, something which the British government foolishly abolished in 1988.

Going inside the first door, then unlocking the second door, she walked into the mailroom first, as she did every time she entered the building. She checked her metal mailbox, which she opened with another key. She picked up her mail, which included a whole bunch of nothing. Like always, it was a bunch of damn junk mail. How dispiriting. Some parcels were addressed to "Nana O." This woman was none other than once-acclaimed Japanese punk rocker, Nana Osaki. She had once been followed by the paparazzi and had her life *almost* destroyed by over-jealous tabloids. Those days were long ago.

At the same time, Yasuko was back in her room, which she was renting as part of her studies. She put her head in her hands. She couldn't believe that she had given that woman musician, whose name she didn't know yet, her number. She hoped that something came of it. She wasn't sure if her declaration, that they should meet again in an intimate setting, had been wildly off-base or not. Maybe she had been *too* forceful.

She laid down on the bed. What she had said that night stirred some emotions within her, which she thought had been buried deep within herself. There was a mix of unease and yearning, as she thought about the past. The shadow of her memories and experiences threatened to take over her life *again*. She wouldn't let that happen. She slipped into her night clothes. Even when she was dressed like this, she still had a certain polished, yet somewhat effortless, style.

The next morning, she was awakened, not by the sunlight, but by a phone call. Drowsily, she answered. The woman on the other side was jubilant. "I thought about it *all night* and I decided: I want to meet with you." Yasuko wasn't sure what this was about. She didn't know who she was speaking with. The woman clarified. "I'm the one you talked to last night...the lady musician who you gave your number to...I'm uh...Nanako by the way."

Yasuko gleefully and happily replied. Her approach *had worked*! "It's great to hear from you, Miss Nanako. Why don't we meet this morning at the Starlight Cafe?" Nana was okay with this. She wanted to go through with this meeting, regardless of her emotional baggage. By meeting her, she could let her down easy, then go back to being on her own, so she wasn't tied down by *anyone*. Isn't that the reason she came to England, after all?

"Okay, I'll see you at 9 o'clock sharp," she said, then hung up the phone. She wasn't sure what awaited her. She wore her best clothing, including blue jeans, a nice white cotton t-shirt, and her trusty leather jacket. She'd kept the latter for many years. Yasuko couldn't be happier. This was moving much faster than she had anticipated. Unlike Nana, she saw this as a sort-of date.

Sometime later that morning, at the time they had agreed, Yasuko walked into Starlight Cafe. She sat down at a table near the window, so she could watch the street life. She had come to England so she could examine small English towns and how they functioned, as part of her studies. The idea was that she would work with local researchers. With everything going on with Nana, she wasn't sure if she was going to follow that original plan or not.

A waitress came by. She asked what selection of tea Yasuko wanted. She chose English breakfast tea. She hadn't drank it before, but it was supposed to be a classic, from what she's read in *Rick Steves' Guide for the Casual Japanese Traveler*. The waitress wrote it down on her small paper pad and promised to return with it soon. Yasuko told her that one more person would be arriving. The waitress nodded and said she would come back with another menu.

At that very moment, Nana walked in, looking much more dressed down and casual, different from how she had worn the night before, although she still had a certain distinct style. She recognized Yasuko *immediately*. Without a second thought, this woman instantly charmed her. Oh no, she was really *attractive*. Uh-oh. This wasn't good. This *wasn't* what was supposed to happen! She was internally panicking. Yasuko gave her signature, and calm, smile. What had she been thinking before? This woman was nothing like Hachi! Maybe this whole thing had been a mistake.

"How did you sleep, *Miss punk rocker*?" Yasuko asked, as she started to sip her tea. Nana laughed uneasily and restated her sort-of cover name, which she had come up with on the fly. She didn't want to share her *real name*, especially to someone she just met. "Good. You...uh...can call me Nanako or Nanako-chan." Yasuko chuckled. What a *wonderful name.*

"Oh you mean like Nanako Misonoo in *Dear Brother*? That's one of my favorite anime ever. I didn't like how it ended but the romances between the women were the *best part*!"

Nana hadn't heard of the series since she had been so busy with everything over the years, so she bobbed her head. Surely that was good enough. Yasuko's words had caught her attention, particularly what she said about women loving other women. Was she, *maybe*, a lesbian, or someone who just liked women, and men, like herself? You could say it was rude to ask about it in a situation like this. That viewpoint would be correct. It surely *was* rude. However, Nana did not care at *all* about politeness. She had to know. Simply, she was curious. She spoke so softly so that the other woman was the only one who could hear her.

"So, uh, Miss, are you...by...chance...gay?"

Yasuko laughed. No one had ever asked her about her sexual preferences in *this way* before. She responded in a kind, friendly manner. She whispered into Nana's ear.

"Well, Miss Nanako, I'm really gay for *you*. You can call me Yasuko-chan or Yasuko."

After she said this, she pulled her head back to her side of the table and continued drinking her tea. Nana began blushing uncontrollably. *What in the world was this woman doing?* Maybe her inner feelings were coming out, somehow. She did all she could to keep her composure as she struggled. At that very moment, the waitress arrived with another menu, breaking the tension. She ordered a tea, the same one Yasuko had been drinking all this time.

Soon thereafter, the waitress left so she could retrieve the tea that Nana had ordered. Not wanting to linger any longer on this, Nana decided to address Yasuko's whisper. She answered in such a way that if anyone overheard her, then she would be safe. She didn't want someone to get on her case because of her sexual or romantic desires. Avoiding that was a paramount concern.

"Yasuko-chan, thank you for being so nice. I'm *not sure* I want a romantic relationship right now. I had a rough time with an ex-boyfriend and I'm still getting over it…"

The woman sighed. She guessed that was the case, from what Nana had sung about the previous night in the club. Her expression was relaxed. She tilted her head slightly then moved it back to its normal position. She didn't want to lose *this woman*, so she tried to get her wording exactly right. She decided to ask Nana some questions.

"So, your second song last night, was that about him? Your longing to be with him, *again*?"

Nana shook her head. Yasuko couldn't be more wrong. She felt almost obligated to correct her. Any possible misunderstandings between them had to be eliminated. She looked around the shop. There were few other patrons there apart from them. She came to the conclusion that she could talk more freely than she had previously thought. There was *no need* to couch her words on this. None at all.

"No, no, it was about *a woman*. She was *once* my friend. I had…complicated feelings for her. We slept in the same bed, kissed, and all that... she ended up staying with an awful man... I just never got over it…"

As Nana started to cry, Yasuko came closer and hugged her. It did not matter whether they ended up in a relationship or not. She wanted to make her feel better in that very moment.

"Why don't we get out of here and go to your place?" Nana nodded. She needed someone to comfort her and make these worries disappear. Yasuko looked gleeful, with a faint smile appearing on her face, as her lips curved. She proceeded to pay for both of their teas, throwing some British pound notes on the table. They walked out of the shop, clasping each other's hands. No one seemed to mind.

Some time later, Nana nervously opened the door to her apartment building, then the inner door. While she usually checked her mailbox, she decided to not do so *this time*. Her legs suddenly gave way. Yasuko picked her up, carrying her like a princess. She couldn't be more embarrassed and asked to be put down, as her hands covered her face. Yasuko gave another slight smile. Nana had been totally taken with her.

Soon enough, this discomfort, at least for Nana, ended. Yasuko let Nana down. She proceeded to unlock her apartment's door. After she stepped inside, Yasuko could see how spare the place was. It surprised her. Some posters of rockstars lined the walls and other areas had minimal decorations. As she walked by the window, her silhouette stretched across the floor.

Nana had finally recomposed herself. She could address this woman without falling apart. "Thanks for that, Yasuko-chan." Almost, if on cue, a warm and smooth voice filled the air. "It's my pleasure, Miss Nanako." It did not seem familiar, but her intensity came through. She was undoubtedly captivating in more ways than one. Nana was totally transfixed. She couldn't get her eyes off her. If she'd known what Yasuko had done, maybe she would feel differently, or maybe not. After all, her life had been chaotic, often colored by relationships with men, pulled into their dangerous webs of deceit.

Yasuko's voice echoed across the room. The sunlight from outside illuminated her, placing her face and body in the light. Nana's face was shrouded in the dark. This made Yasuko look even more intense than she usually appeared. Her voice lingered as she continued staring at her. She could tell how people would be captivated by her. And she was one of those people.

To offset her radiance, Nana shot out of her chair and walked over a light switch, turning on her standing lamp. While this behavior seemed very odd to Yasuko, she let it slide. She thought that Nana may have had a reason for this, although she wasn't sure exactly why. Many people had their nervous tics, so why not her?

Some people felt a strange chill down their spine when they saw her, like her ex, Fumi, or even felt dull and distant. Nana wasn't like that. Not at all. In fact, Yasuko's voice stayed with her, echoing in her head. She appeared raw, magnetic, and charismatic, and had a hint of volatility. Nana did not mind that, especially in a woman, since she had many of the same qualities.

Not sure if she should ask or not, she decided to take the plunge. What could she lose from this? It was *worth a shot*. The power of love almost compelled her to ask.

"Can I kiss you, Yasuko-chan?" She nodded. She wanted it. To be more precise, *she needed* it. Her worries, rooted in bad experiences, faded into nothing. Nana brushed Yasuko's long hair from her face. Her smooch, which soon followed, was so passionate that it almost took Yasuko's breath away. Her soft, delicate feelings had became a raging thunderstorm, shaking her entire being. Her body was completely alive.

Their lips touched. They believed they were the most special thing to one another. Their hearts fluttered in excitement. What did they see in one another? Did they really want each other as much as either one wanted to be wanted? Did they need one another as much as they *needed to be needed*? None of those things mattered. They were there *for each other*. That was enough.

Nana wasn't like Yasuko's previous lovers, whether Ikumi, Fumi, or Masanori. She was different. She had make sure she didn't make the same mistakes again. She wouldn't break her heart. She would comfort her instead.

For a split-second, Nana wanted them to go further that night. Thinking about it more, she changed her mind. It was too early to do anything rash. She asked Yasuko if they could cuddle instead. She agreed. They laid on the bed together, through that night and into the morning. They curled around each other. Each woman's body heat kept the other warm, as they cuddled under the covers, to offset the temperatures of the cold December weather.

Yasuko wouldn't be in England forever. She would, eventually, leave the picturesque English countryside and return to her family in Japan. Even so, she wanted to savior her time in England while it lasted, and live every day to the fullest. She was not there to forget what she had gone through. Rather, she wanted to *remember* all the wonderful times she had by making new memories.

Yawning and stretching, Nana opened her eyes. She felt cold. Yasuko wasn't sleeping next to her. Smells wafted into her nose, waking her up with a start. She was with a girl who could *cook*? Maybe she had some similar qualities to Hachi after all. She didn't mind that, not at all. At the same time, she still wanted to disprove the idea that women were only homemakers. Her existence as a punk rocker smashed apart that sexist belief.

"Good morning Nanako, or... should I say *Nana Osaki*," Yasuko began. Nana grumbled. She knew it would come out some day and somehow. She must have missed something. *How?* She didn't know what she had forgotten. She had been so careful to hide her previous punk rock life from prying eyes. Anyone who came into her apartment and saw her furnishings shouldn't be able to figure it out, right?

Yasuko went on. "I found a CD you had around and listened to it...the songs are by a group named the Black Stones...their main singer sounded *exactly* like you…"

Nana began to apologize. Yasuko stopped her. She didn't want to hear it. She sensed that she had some demons which continued to rattle her and pull her down, even though she wanted to be straight with her. She *wanted* to tell her that it was okay, that she didn't need to hide anything, and that they should stay together.

"If we really are going to *do this* and be together, we can't hide *anything* from each other. I'll tell you here and now that I'm not sure myself if I am bisexual or a lesbian…"

Nana sighed. She had to tell her the truth. It was the first step of good faith so that this woman, who was standing in her kitchen, would remain a part of her life. She couldn't let her slip away nor could she let their burgeoning relationship fall apart. She still had a lot to confront. For her, being with Yasuko could be the first step to dealing with her past in a healthy way.

"Yasuko, you are right. *I am* Nana Osaki...just call me Nana...I didn't want to bring attention to myself. I wanted to escape my previous all-too-intense life, to start anew. I was part of the Black Stones once and their lead singer...it was a wild time...if those people, I once knew, saw me now, I wouldn't be ready to face them...I…"

As she started to cry again, with tears streaming down her face, Yasuko held her. She would stick by her as the world was going to hell. They lived during a time period that some would,

in later years, look back at with bliss. Such nostalgia was *never* healthy and *never* would be healthy. Nana felt comforted by this tall, attractive, and mysterious woman.

When Nana hugged her back, she started to blush. Most of the time she was calm, collected, and cool. She wasn't that way always, *especially* when around a girl, or to be more exact, a woman, she liked. She couldn't be happier.

They remained in a warm embrace. Then and there, Yasuko made a bold declaration. "I came to England for study abroad but...I want to be with *you*, to stay with *you*, so we can experience something new, *together*." Nana liked hearing that. She stared deeply into her newfound partner's dark eyes. She wasn't alone. There was *no need* to be lonely anymore. For once, she didn't think about the past. Instead, she was looking forward.

If Nana had known that Yasuko was a masculine tomboy, said to be gallant, and had many female admirers, it wouldn't have bothered her. After all, Yasuko had begun to take on a more feminine look after coming to England. Having a unique appearance, all to your own, was key to your own individuality. Where their journey as a couple went from here, no one could say. It would be something they would figure out together, while living in the English countryside...

End Notes

To clarify what I said in my opening note, I've watched the Nana anime's entire run: all 47 episodes plus the special Junko's Room episodes. As of the writing of this fic, I have not read the manga. However, I have read the Wikipedia descriptions. As such, this fic has a bit of a floating timeline, if that makes sense. I based lyrics of Nana's song off the anime's iconic first opening, "Rose," sung by the talented Anna Tsuchiya. I put my own twist on it. I also used information from Anime Planet, TV Tropes, LezWatchTV and elsewhere, for details in this fic, along with the "Nana Osaki" page on the Nana fandom wiki, and results from my "Nana Osaki choker" search online (even finding a Nana Osaki cosplay outfit on Amazon of all places!).

Some people online claim that Yasuko is implied to have a boyfriend in the manga. I'm going to ignore that here. That isn't clear from the anime at all. I have read elsewhere that she is implied to be bi in the anime, which I'd agree with. I went back and forth on whether to make this fic more mature. I decided against it because I felt it would be too hasty for them to have sex on the first night they were together. As such, Nana and Yasuko cuddle instead.

While "GxG Anime/Cartoon One-Shots" is listed as an inspiration, in actuality, only the third chapter, entitled Fumi/Yasuko | Sweet Blue Flowers | "Why do you dress like a boy?" was the real inspiration. I added the chapter link but somehow AO3 changed it so that it appears I am citing the entire fic as inspiration. Only the aforementioned chapter was the inspiration. Furthermore, all the chapters of "day by day, i turn my dreams into a ministry of her love" are an inspiration. I wish more people would write Sweet Blue Flowers fics!

I tried to use the formatting put forward in La_Temperanza's "How To Change Text on AO3 When the Cursor is Hovering Over It (Or Clicked on Mobile)" for Nana's song. I wanted some lines to be in Japanese, with English translations. The formatting sadly did not work despite my efforts. I really wanted to include it here, but the work skin was not cooperating with me, so I went back to the basic formatting work skin and I used that for this fic.

On April 7th, I added an update to this fic saying "Yesterday, on International Asexuality Day, I posted a revised/updated version of this fic on Sunset, for the Femslash Refresh contest/competition/event, fulfilling a prompt ("Any f/f/f ship + hurt/comfort"), adding about 18.4% more words, including more scenes of Nana and Yasuko together, expanding emotional hurt/comfort themes and scenes, changing the summary, and placing in a few scene dividers. Hope you will all check it out!"

Sadly, on Apr. 17, after some back-and-forth, the admin of Sunset permanently suspended my account (and removed ALL 35 of my fics, including this one) for mishandling interactions with certain users *even after* I apologized to said users and removed certain passages of two fics. As such, I would **strongly** recommend against *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove, as both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate.

Works inspired by this one

Coming from Beyond the Stars: Chelli, Apta, Nana the Punk Rocker, and Hachi's Choice by lefemmerouge2

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!